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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1906.

Our Absentee President.

Theodore Roosevelt is still President
of the United States. Secretary Root as-
serts. "The President is where the Presi-
dent is."

William H. Taft, who wears with grace
and dignity the titular appellation of
Secretary of War, must be of little op-
inion. On Saturday last Mr. Taft had the
temerity to suspend the execution of the
Presidential command for the immediate
discharge, without honor, of Companies
B, C, and D of the Twenty-fifth Infantry.

He called his action to the President,
and sought the Presidential view thereon.

On Tuesday an emphatic cablegram, signed
"Theodore Roosevelt," and declining
to consider the suspension of the order
for one moment, was received in New
York. This unofficial message was the
first intimation Mr. Taft had of the mind
of his chief. So on Wednesday Mr. Taft
revoked his suspension of the discharge
of the troops, and directed that the
proceedings for discharge be continued with-
out delay. Subsequently, the President
was heard from directly to this effect:
"Nothing to warrant the suspension of
the order."

Nothing, it is true, but the judgment of
Secretary Taft, the titular head of the
War Department.

Our President, right or wrong; but
right or wrong, absent or present, our
President still!

In commenting upon the Murphy-Crocker
row, the New York Mail handed out this
"Hein lieben," was willst du noch mehr."

It isn't in the back of the neck, and so
the newspapers are reproducing it just
as if they knew what it meant.

Extracting the Sunshine.

Mark Twain long ago solved the prob-
lem of growing old gracefully. He has
managed to keep the bright and hopeful
side of all things before his eyes. Even
his sorrows have been viewed from the
standpoint of an apostle of sunshine.

In the Boston Herald a writer directs at-
tention to the following extract from one
of Mr. Clemens' recent contributions to
the North American Review, in which he
speaks of the death of his daughter, Susy:

"Susy died at the right time, the fortunate time
of life, the happy age, twenty-four years. At twenty-
four such a girl has seen the best of life—life as
happy dream. After that, risks begin, responsibilities
and time, and with the care, the sorrow, and the
inevitable tragedy. For her mother's sake I
would have brought her back from the grave if I
could, but I would not have done it for my own."

Could any philosophy be finer than
that? No; very few men can see, as
Mark Twain always seems to see, the
real suggest of gold amid the baser sur-
rounding clouds. Very few are permitted
to die just at the happiest moment; very
few are permitted to leave behind them
loved ones, who can, and do, see the
brightness through the apparent dark-
ness. It is only the Mark Twains who
are permitted to point out this philosophy
of sunshine to their fellows. It is a
great thing to die, we should think, at
the right time, the fortunate time of life,
the happy age. And it is an even greater
thing to know that some loved one has
died just so.

It is just possible that the lady about
to start for the north pole will reach it.
No telling where feminine curiosity may
lead.

Dr. Crapsey's Apostasy.

Church circles are finding a fruitful
topic of discussion in the decision of the
diocesan court by which the Rev. Dr. A.
S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., was con-
demned to suspension from the Protestant
Episcopal Church for denying the mi-
raculous birth of Christ and His physical
recurrence and ascension. With the ex-
ception of one denomination, church dis-
cipline is so loosely applied in the United
States that affairs of this kind always
create more or less exciting debate among
churchmen of all denominations. The
Briggs case is still fresh in the public
mind, but as in practice the Presbyterian
disciplinary spirit is sterner than that of
other denominations, except the Roman
Catholic, not so much surprise was caused
by that incident as doubtless will be
aroused by the open apostasy of Dr. Crap-
sey and the punishment inflicted upon him
for it.

Dr. Crapsey has been unfrocked for re-
fusing longer to preach the creeds of his
church. Whether authority abides in any
body of Episcopal clergymen in the
United States to deny one of their num-
ber the right to expound essential re-
ligious convictions that are at variance
with the doctrines prescribed in the books
is a question of episcopacy and ecclesi-
astical judgment beyond the broad domain of
secular judgment or interference. The fact
and not the cause is the element of main in-
terest to laymen, and brings them around
with a sharp turn to a realization of
dormant conditions that are still factors
in workaday life. Dr. Crapsey doubt-
less will now be the center of a group
of religionists who will strive to estab-
lish a new order of things spiritual—
movements which always appeal to con-
siderable bodies of men and women for
reasons that are as varied as their fol-
lowers are numerous. Whether distur-
bances of this kind have any real influ-
ence upon the dominant religious thought
of the time, whether they even draw
from the denomination directly involved
more adherent than are attracted to the
creeds so boldly attacked, is a question
which, if it were susceptible to ready an-
swer, would shed a great flood of light
upon that phase of the established re-
ligion of the race which is of more inter-
est than any other, and that is whether

the church militant is as strong and
assertive to-day as it was a generation
ago.

That there has been a marked change
in the form of appeal made by ministers
to the religious feeling or convictions of
their flocks is a fact of importance. But
while this change is accepted in a matter-
of-fact way by churchmen and non-
churchmen generally, it is worthy of note
that no change in the substance of re-
ligious creeds worthy of attention has
been made since they were adopted cen-
turies ago, and while the Christian faith
was divided into sects that were more re-
concilable than they are at present. For
example, the Nicene Creed, the article of
faith to which Dr. Crapsey longer refused
to subscribe, was adopted by a council
of bishops summoned by Constantine, the
first Christian Emperor of the Romans.

Except for slight variants that have re-
sulted from translations, there has been
no change in that article as it was origi-
nally formulated by the princes of the
church who were convoked by order of
Constantine as a means of quieting fer-
vent storms of contentions that were threat-
ening the very foundations of the church.

There is what, to the layman, appears to
be a substantial difference between the
Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed,
both of which have been rejected by
Dr. Crapsey, but both of which are sub-
scribed to by loyal churchmen without
question or effort to reconcile them. Pos-
sibly if authority abided somewhere in the
Protestant Episcopal Church in the United
States to fuse these two creeds into a
harmonious article of faith, there would
be less confusion in minds trained in the
ology like that of Dr. Crapsey, while the
nontheological mind would be enabled
the easier to grasp the meanings of things
expounded by the clergy.

The Weather Bureau, the goosebone,
and the almanac ought to get together.

Racing and Betting at Benning.

Everybody knows that betting is carried
on at Benning. Twice each year Wash-
ington is given over to gambling at the
track.

The Jockey club invested a large sum
of money in its equipment. Fine contests
in speed are given under most delightful
auspices. Some of the best people are
patrons of the turf. They enjoy it and
believe in it. An afternoon at Benning
is invigorating and health-giving, if the
tip doesn't go wrong.

The Jockey club is composed of gentle-
men. Racing here, they say, tends to en-
courage the breeding of horses. Possibly
it does. Virginians as well as Washing-
tonians, we know, are fond of the racing
game. It is a pleasing diversion.

In certain directions the races are prob-
ably in a business way; in other direc-
tions unprofitable.

Few will contend that any law is strong
enough or any set of law officers vigilant
enough to keep men in the straight and
narrow path, or prevent their indulgence
in the passion for staking money on
chance. It can't be done. Human nature
denies law. If a man cannot risk his
money the way he likes, he will find a
means of risking it another way.

Few will dispute, either, that the pocket-
ing of thousands upon thousands of dol-
lars by the bookmakers—call them racing
commissioners, black-legs, or anything
you like—constitutes a heavy drain upon
the city. In a general way, twice a year,
so large a sum is expended in the Wash-
ington Jockey Club in a nutshell—the case
in its practical aspects, without regard
to any other aspect.

Now is it not high time for Washing-
ton to decide, once and for all, what it
is going to do about it? Why beat around
the bush any longer? The situation is a
farce as it stands. The authorities are
misled in farcical roles.

To become the laughing stock, as they
are doing, by conniving at thing done by
devious methods that is not condoned
when done in the usual way; to fall to see
what everybody else is seeing; to be play-
ing the silly dupe to the gentlemanly
gamblers from New York—such a spectacle
is unworthy and humiliating; it brings
reproach upon the law officers and tends
to forfeit the respect of the community.
This is not to be desired.

If we are to have the races—and it
seems to be a settled proposition that
racing without bookmaking is impossi-
ble—if Washington wants this racing at
Benning, then let us be done with the farcical
feature of it. Quit evading and quibbling.
Nobody is deceived. Enforce the law or
disregard it. Do one thing or the other.
Give the bookmakers license to operate
openly, or suppress them.

Call the spade a spade, and let it go at
that.

If the authorities be honest with them-
selves, at least. At present they are in-
deliberate pliant—more ridiculous, in-
deed, than when the "bookies" and the
"outs" had full right of way.

A scientist has figured it out that the
average pace of a snail is one mile in
fourteen days. That would be knock-
er, who complained that the Panama
Canal was moving "at a snail's pace"
was giving it a pretty rapid stride, after
all.

Progressive Civil Service Reform.

The Civil Service Reform League, which
has just concluded its annual conven-
tion, has elected Dr. Daniel C. Gilman
as president. He has a record of actual
achievement rarely attained by a reform
organization. Since its formation in 1877
practically every object sought by its
founders has been accomplished, and the
principles of the merit system are firmly
fixed in the governmental structure.

When the Pendleton law went into op-
eration in 1883 there were 110,000 employ-
ees in the Federal service, of whom 14,000
were put under civil service rules. There
are now 326,000 persons in Federal em-
ploy, of whom 134,000 are in the classified
service. Recently President Roosevelt
placed 1,100 deputy collectors of internal
revenue in the classified service, thus put-
ting under civil service regulations the
last group of appointments in the Treas-
ury Department outside that service.

Not only has the merit system been
extended to all departments of the Fed-
eral service, but it has also been adopted
by several municipalities and a few of
the States. President Gilman thinks it
time to advocate vigorously and system-
atically the extension of the merit system
to state and municipal employees. In
educating public sentiment in this direc-
tion the league will find large opportu-
nity for usefulness for a good many
years to come. The increasing number
of governmental employees makes it im-
possible to consider seriously serious ad-
ministration of public affairs on the
basis of the old spoils system, and the
method of appointment developed by civil
service reform agitation should ultimately
find universal acceptance.

It is hardly too much to say that
Greater Washington would be an impos-
sibility without the fidelity to tenure in
office guaranteed by the law to faithful
government employees. The civil service
law has proved an important factor in
the metamorphosis of Washington from
a city of boarding houses to a city of

homes. This may be a purely local and
even a selfish consideration, but it has
been a strong influence making for re-
form in the civil service. There is no
danger that the people of Washington,
official, industrial, or commercial, will
ever consent to a reversion to the spoils
system, now, happily, almost extinct so
far as local Federal employes are con-
cerned.

In your mind's eye, can't you just pic-
ture the "oldest inhabitant" in Panama,
about a hundred years hence, telling the
youngsters all about it.

Schools of Diplomacy.

Under the heading, "First School for
Diplomats," the New York Sun publishes
the substance of a circular announcing
the establishment of courses of study by
Yale and Columbia universities intended
to "prepare students for work in foreign
countries, either in the service of the
United States government, in business en-
terprises, or as missionaries or scientific
investigators." The promoters of these
courses offered will be available by can-
didates for positions in the consular and
diplomatic service of the government, so
that the country may no longer be dis-
graced by unlettered and untrained men
representing us at foreign posts.

It is a meritorious project, and the cur-
riculum offered is an attractive and use-
ful one, but the new courses of study
announced by Yale and Columbia jointly
do not constitute the "first school for
diplomats in this country." That distinc-
tion belongs to the department of poli-
tics and diplomacy of George Washing-
ton University of this city, a department
which was opened in November, 1888, un-
der a slightly different name. The pur-
pose of this department is, and has been,
to "fit men for the public service, par-
ticularly for the consular and diplomatic
service," and it offers a two years' course
of study adapted to that end. From the
first this department attracted wide at-
tention and evoked favorable comment,
and a number of its graduates have found
their way into the government service.

The Anderson (S. C.) Daily Mail has
discovered a secret society that forces a
candidate to eat a half pound of canned
sausage before giving him the signs. That
is enough to destroy his belief in signs.

Mr. Bryan is now a Presbyterian elder.
Elder Bryan is old enough to know bet-
ter about some things, too.

Senator-elect Robert Love Taylor will
doubtless insist that those who speak of
Mayor Schmitz's great mind and ability be
careful to differentiate between a "rid-
der" and a "violinist." Governor Taylor
is a "fiddler," and scores any other
appellation.

That man who is seeking to excuse him-
self from the commission of a crime by
pleading that the spirit of his father
forced him to do it, should be given to
understand that the breaking of the hon-
orable law in this honorable country isn't
to be excused because the spirits of one's
honorable ancestors have a hand in it.

"Gasoline will clear up dirt like magic,"
notes the well known woman's magazine.
And when accused of an automobile-
automobile, it has also been known to
clear up a street like magic.

Parties with elephants destined for
Uncle Sam's domains will please have
them weighed before shipping. No ques-
tions asked at the customs house.

The President says one P. Bigelow's
criticisms of the canal will "pass as the
idle wind, which we regard not." Isn't
that what you call reaching for the solar
plexus?

The New York Central seems to be a
hopeless victim of the rebate habit.

New York's treasurer-elect is a baker.
He is entitled to a piece of pie.

Signor Caruso pleads that "the lady
before me was young." Why add in-
sult to injury like that?

Now, then, if there were only a few
pirates to fight on the way home!

Sensor Platt's constituents may just as
well become resigned to the thought that
the Senator has no intention of resign-
ing.

Every time the Sultan of Morocco turns
a corner these days, some nation jumps
at him and yells "Booh!"

The way those Spanish-speaking ad-
mires "great applause" through
our English-speaking President's speech-
es is calculated to make the Congress-
ional Record look like thirty cents.

Chief Pleasant Porter ought not to be
made a railroad president, as has been
suggested. He ought to be a broom
manipulator on the Pullman car.

Fortunately, not many men and women
entertain such ideas about matrimony as
Mrs. Parsons. She is a woman who, if
practically all marriages would not only
be trials, but tribulations as well.

No one seems able to think of a title for
Mr. Shonts that quite describes his pre-
sidential glory. How would "The Main Gzanbo"
do?

Sometimes a person feels as if he would
be willing to make a trip to the lower re-
gion, just to find out how the Old Boy
managed to keep the furnace going during
cold weather.

The Lynchburg News has a short edito-
rial on "Honesty in Politics." The editor
ran out of ideas before he got a good
start.

Reichsverdrossenheit is a word the Em-
peror of Germany does not like, and we
are not on speaking terms with it either.

"Give Hearst a chance," says the Boston
Traveler. Mr. Hearst, considering the
source of the suggestion, will probably
like to know what variety of lemon
that is.

Many desertions are announced from
Upton Sinclair's Utopia. The trouble with
Utopia seems to be that the contents of
the can fall to come up to the preten-
sions of the label.

Serius Witte wants to consider the
"section," but finds it pretty hard to main-
tain a calm bearing with the revolution-
ists threatening to consider his anatomy
in the standard disjoint manner.

The Standard Oil is said to be prepared
for the worst. Evidently Miss Ida Tar-
bell is going to write another exposure.

What the high school girls would wel-
come with exceeding joy just now is a
little simplified grammar.

The New York World has discovered
"the house in New York where Adeline
Patti was born." The irrelevant and un-
interesting fact that Adeline was also
born in Madrid doesn't make any differ-
ence. A woman's birthplace ought to
have some eight or nine birthplaces in the
course of a hundred years.

Secretary Root says "Hearst has struck
twelve." Looks more like he struck out.

Another Resignation in Order.

From the New York World.

If Platt resigns will Depew say "Me
too?"

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

DULL DAYS.

Oh, what is so mean
As a day in November?

Outside is a scene so dreary
That we all well remember.

A prospect of gloom
Running over with sorrow,
With no sort of room
For a change on the morrow.

The roof sadly drips
And the overcharged gutter
From green-tinted lips
Doth unceasingly sputter.

No need to exclaim
Aught of trouble to borrow,
For the skies are all gray
With no hope for the morrow.

The trees are near bare;
Just a leaf or two falling;
'Tis a scene of despair;
'Tis an outlook appalling.

We are tired of the slime,
And the water-soaked heather,
Jog along, Fate time!
Let us have some new weather.

Not Even He.

"I see that the President
through the street of Colon."
'Ah, but even he has his limitations."
'What do you mean?"
'He couldn't review himself."

They Know Nobody.

"Another murder!"
'Miscreant unknown by the police, of
course!"
'Yes, say, the police are mighty ex-
clusive, ain't they?"

But What?

"The times are on the bum!"
That's plain to any kid,
And I maintain, by gum,
That something should be did!

Presidential Lightning.

"Ajax must have been a Prohibitionist."
'What are you driving at now?"
'Tradition states that he was always
defying the lightning!"

The Wherefore.

"You looked pretty sheepish when I
saw you yesterday," declared the fox ter-
rier.
'Ashamed because you were in
leash!"

It wasn't that," answered the Boston
bull. "Did you notice what was at
the other end of the string?"

Same Goods.

The girl I used to know as Mayne now
masquerades as Maybelle. She's sweet
and pretty just the same; she's only
changed the label.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE DOGFISH HEN.

The eggs of the dogfish are as palatable and
nutritious as those of the hen—Recent scientific
discovery.

We have a dogfish hen, and oh,
It's better far than chickens;
It does not cure each day to go
Around and raise the chickens.

For scratching up the neighbor's lawn
Or squawking in the alley
When some wild boys, sport bent upon,
For feathers make a sally.

Our dogfish hen, however, will
At times set up a howling
When all the world at night is still;
And oft we hear it growling
When bold marauders seek its nest—
But then with satisfaction
We know that we may take our rest,
Our watchdogfish in action.

Next year we think that we will go
A-yachting on the ocean,
And we'll enjoy the sail, we know,
For we've conserved a notion.
Of taking, too, our dogfish hen
To swim behind us gayly—
We'll trail a sea cow, too, and then
Have eggs and fresh milk daily.

Our dogfish hen don't go to roost—
It is no perch's daughter;
It wags its tail with joy when loosed
Within its nest of water,
And better still and better yet,
For we've conserved a notion.
Our dogfish hen will never set
Because it is no setter.

SHOVELING SNOW.

The time of the year is approaching
When the average man begins telling how
he used to shovel paths through eight feet
of snow at a clock on mornings when
the thermometer registered so far below
zero that the mercury rattled around in
the bulb like a mustard seed.

That is the sort of man who will go
the first heavy snow and show his family
how to clean the walks. He will have a
nice new dollar snow shovel sent up from
the store, and will begin operations by
slipping and falling down the front steps.
During his slide several bushels of snow
will surreptitiously become inserted be-
tween his shirt and his undershirt. How
in the midst of time and gloom there is a
mystery as deep as the cause of the ra-
diometer or the production of a radium,
but the fact remains that it gets there.
The man will overlook it for the mo-
ment, but a third day or so later, when
great shovelfuls of snow lie to right and
left, and he will be working like a steam
pump when the old man who lives up
street, and who has a bad temper and
rheumatism, will happen along and get
forty pounds of snow in the face. After
the ensuing argument the average man
will resume operations. By and by his
back will begin to ache, his neck to be
stiff and sore, and his arms to feel as
numb as though they had been paralyzed
since he was ten years of age. But he
will stick to it, for his wife and children
will be watching papa from the window,
and the baby will be pounding the window
glass with its sticky fingers, and goo-
goling gleefully.

At last, after years and years of lift-
ing and shoveling, the walks will be clean-
ed, and the man will straighten up pain-
fully and start to the back door, when
his wife will open the front door and
cry:
'You left a little bit of snow behind
the horselock, dear!"

WILBUR NESBIT.

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Parliament of Men.

From the Woman's Home Companion.

"To be or not to be, that is the ques-
tion," cried Hamlet, in a loud voice, but
it was destined that he should proceed
no further.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of
order," interrupted the most, who had
been sitting in one of the rear seats;
'the motion to adjourn is not debatable."

Confronted thus by Roberts' Rules of
Order, the noble Dane paled, muttered
incoherently, and sat down. Afterward
he had his speech inserted in the Con-
gressional Record.

Traitor to Her Sex.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Oh, she's not at all nice," said little
Elsie. "She's always wishin' she was a
boy."

"Well," replied Mabel. "I wish I was,
too."

"I know, but she wishes it out loud, so
the boys can hear her."

Political Fowls.

From the Philadelphia Press.

People in Washington are complaining
about the number of chickens that are
kept in the city, to the annoyance of
certain neighborhoods. Oddly enough
there is no kick registered against the
political "roosters" that throng that burg
at times.

No Cut Rates.

From the Indianapolis News.

There are no excursion rates on trains
of thought.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Gen. Charles F. Humphrey.

The reported intention of Gen. Charles
F. Humphrey, Quartermaster General of
the army,